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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Sonia Sadova, a beautiful young Marsovia, comes to Paris. Her fortune is in the hands of her father, who is a Frenchman and who has been married to a Marsovia. She is a Frenchman and who has been married to a Marsovia. She is a Frenchman and who has been married to a Marsovia.

CHAPTER II. Old Love and New.

"WELL, here I am," announced a tall, slender youth, entering the deserted salon a few minutes later, with Nish at his side. "I'm here at my country's call, all right, but my confounded country doesn't seem to be on hand to meet me." His graceful walk was not wholly steady, and there was a flush on the handsome young face. The late arrival was Prince Danilo of Marsovia, attaché of the Marsovia Legation at Paris. As a diplomat he had scarcely scored a success. For he had a delightful normal aversion to work and a simple unflinching joy in the amusements of Maxim's and his clubs.

How to Take on Flesh.

DRINK plenty of water.
Eat plenty of starchy foods.
Sleep ten hours out of the twenty-four.
Give full play to the lungs by breathing.
Refuse to worry.
Take six raw eggs a day.
Drink plenty of cream and milk.
Exercise only moderately.

A Courtship Puzzle: Find the Pet Lamb!

By Gertrude Barnum.



Gertrude Barnum

WE were having our hair shampooed by special arrangement after regular work hours. The other customers had departed and the haughty "head lady" of the department unbent a little as she watched the girls gather up the towels and clean the bowls.

"I got Johnny crazy last night," she said, turning her diamond engagement ring on her finger to watch its sparkle.

"What does that mean?" asked Number Nine, as she industriously polished spigots.

"Filming with that fellow with the black mustache that sometimes runs the elevator," she knew.

"I wouldn't think your fellow'd stand for it."

"He'd stand anything from me; he's wuzzy about me. I wind him round my finger, same as this ring. We go where I say and when I say. He hates to wait, but I always keep him waiting a purpose."

"He don't look like that kind."

"Nor he ain't that kind with no one else; but, say, he eats out of my hand like a pet lamb. He despises cards, and I take him to card parties oftener than any place."

"What for?"

"Oh, I dunno; just for fun."

"Sems like you don't care much for him."

"Why, sure I do, but the only way to keep a man is to keep him guessing. Now if a fellow—"

The sentence was never finished. A big, stern-looking man opened the door and the haughty lady hastily put on her hat with many explanations and apologies, and hurried meekly out behind her taciturn and scowling beau.

"Puzzle—find the pet lamb!" laughed Number Nine. "I'm glad some one bosses her. She's got a few coming to her on our count."

As we left, the shop a few minutes later my friend Edna remarked:

"It's funny how girls talk like that about the men they're keeping company with. I wonder why they try to make people think they are she-devils to their steady?"

"I guess," said Number Nine, "while they're getting used to knocking down to a man they have to let off steam to outsiders to keep their pride from bursting altogether."

"But they don't have to knock down, either," said Edna. "There's a happy medium between hen-peckers and rooster-pecked hens. It's true, in one way, what she said—that you have to keep a man guessing. I mean, he ought to have to find out something about what a girl is like and what she wants and not have everything laid out for him. A man will get tired of a girl that jumps through any old hoop he holds up. But one that talks about her steady like that behind his back is an imitation article. You can bet she won't hold her own with any real man."

"Can't say," sighed Number Nine. "Men are awful queer. It's hard to know what they do like in a woman."

"Well," Edna insisted, "there's one thing sure—they don't often get it. But if they see a sample of good old-fashioned love and loyalty they'll put it in an order for more. And there's another thing I'll gamble on. That there Johnny of your haughty head lady is about on to her shams. If I don't miss my guess, she'll soon be sent back."

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Dresser Cover.

ADRESSER cover can be made from three twelve-inch handkerchiefs laid side by side in a row, the hemstitched edges being connected by lace insertion or beading, which also follows the entire circumference with an inch and a half wide piece of lace edging. If the beading is run with ribbon the effect is pretty.

Bandana Kimono.

APRETTY kimono is made from four large bandana handkerchiefs—either blue or red, as preferred. Use one for the entire back piece, the point turned upward toward the neck. Fold two more handkerchiefs diagonally for the sleeves and fasten the upper points of each sleeve to the upper point

of the back piece and sew the sleeve border to the borders of both the front and back pieces. Cut the fourth bandana handkerchief diagonally into halves. Hem the raw edges and fasten the borders of each into the sleeve border, as described. Fasten the neck of the kimono together in front with a ribbon bow. This forms a charmingly graceful kimono when done in expensive and easily put on.

To Save Stockings.
HOLES can be prevented from being worn in hosiery by sewing a small piece of cotton tape to the top of the hose, where safety pin or supporter fastens, so improving the value of the hose. This is of great value in hosiery, as it is also used in their flannels, as well as hosiery, where pins are put in and removed so often.



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By Albert Payson Terhune

A Serial Romance Founded on the Viennese Operetta.

"Snoring and romance don't go well together, Marquis," she observed, "and, as the snoring doesn't seem likely to stop, the romance must. You say you are in love with me. And I know you are in love with my fortune. Good-by."

"You misjudge me cruelly!" Cascada protested.

"Oh, no, I don't. Men are all alike. Good-by."

As the discomfited Marquis made his way wrathfully from the room, Sonia mischievously crept across to the couch. There lay the man, sound asleep, his face still covered by the handkerchief. Sonia touched his hair.

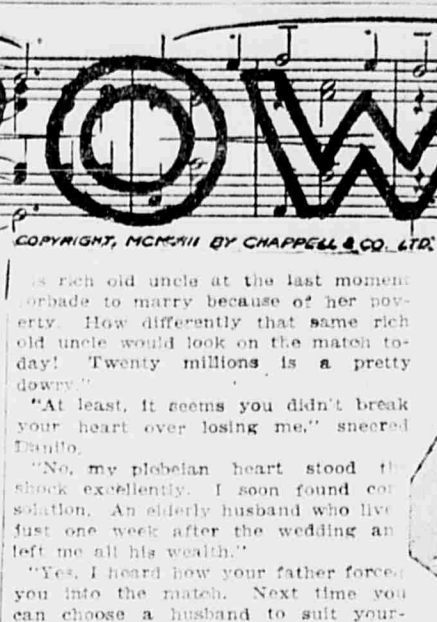
"Sss!" roared Danilo, giving his head a shake that let the handkerchief fall from his face.

"Danilo!" gasped the Widow, starting back.

At sound of his name the Prince sat up, dazed and blinking. His wandering eyes fell on the woman, and with an exclamation of utter amazement he



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rich old uncle at the last moment, or had to marry because of her poverty. How differently that same rich old uncle would look on the match today! Twenty millions is a pretty dowry."

"At least, it seems you didn't break your heart over losing me," sneered Danilo.

"No, my phobian heart stood it shock excellently. I soon found consolation. An elderly husband who lives just one week after the wedding and left me all his wealth."

"Yes, I heard how your father forced you into the match. Next time you can choose a husband to suit yourself."

"Why should I marry again? I am rich—free—I have everything."

"Including love?" he asked, his eyes devouring her fragile beauty.

"I don't believe in love," scoffed Sonia. "All men are alike. Dozens of them are after my money and make love to me because they can't get it without me."

"By you, perhaps. Never by me."

"Oh, no, I remember it every now and then for my own amusement. But it is hard to think of myself as the Italian Marsovia peasant maid, to whom the dashing cavalry officer, Prince Danilo, was once engaged; and whom



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"They are not. And in time I'll prove it to you."

Before she could answer the Ambassador and several of the guests came into the room. At first opportunity Popoff drew Danilo aside.

"Prince," said he, impressively, "you have now been attached to this legation nearly four months and—"

"Fow of my attachments last so long," observed Danilo.

"You refer to your love affairs? I have heard of them. They have brought you to the brink of ruin. You are almost penniless. Here is my plan to save you. Also, to give you a chance to save your country from bankruptcy. I want you to marry."

"To WHAT?" cried Danilo.

"To marry. Beautiful woman, my boy. Twenty millions! Mme. Sonia Sadova. Hey?"

"Never!" returned Danilo, angrily, as he rose to end the interview.

"Then a Frenchman will marry her—and her fortune, and our country will be ruined."

"I won't marry her," repeated Danilo, "and she won't marry me. But for my country's sake I'll keep any Frenchman from marrying her."

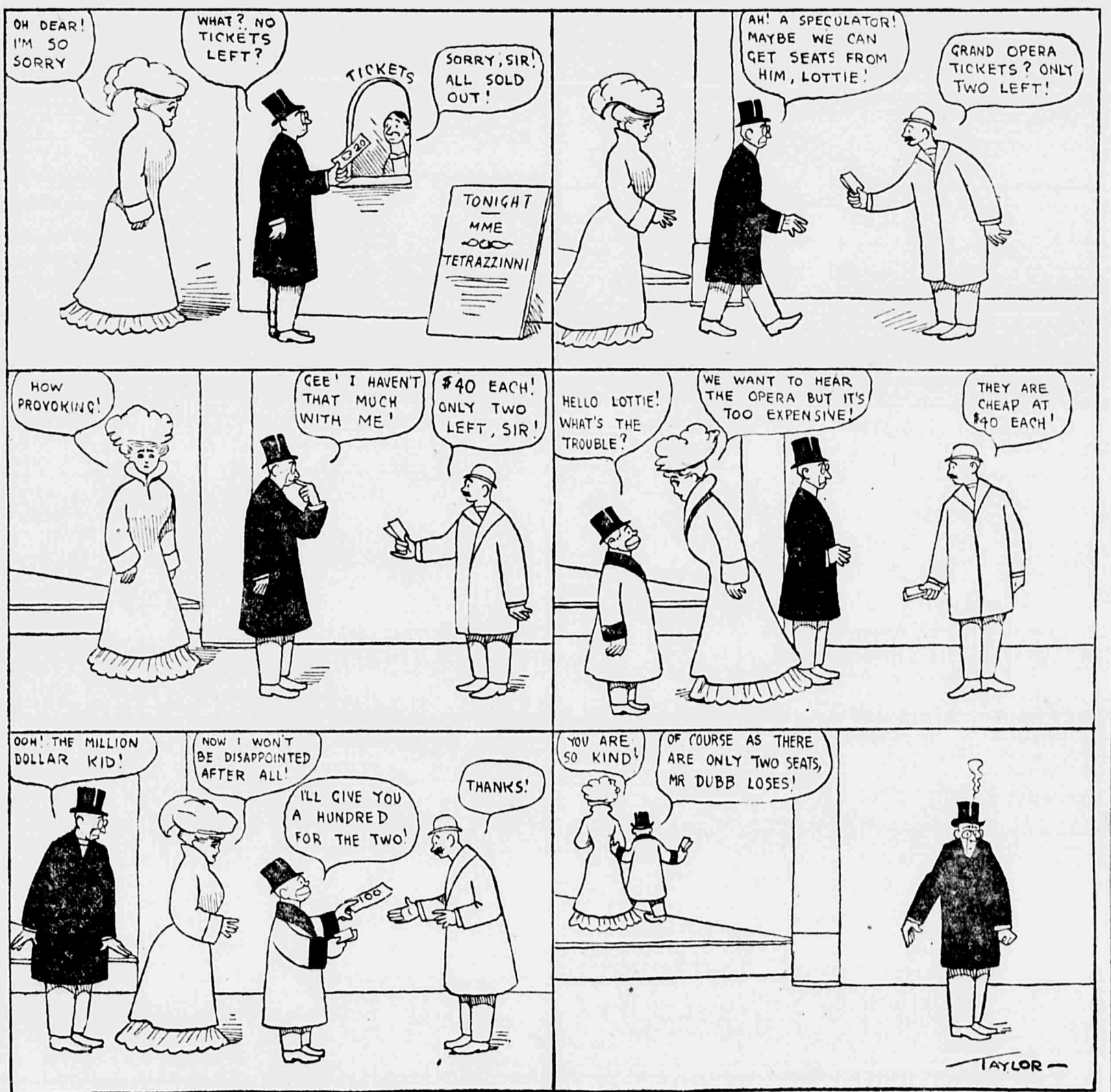
"But how?"

"You shall see!"

(To Be Continued.)

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Scant Eyebrows.

W.—Here is the eyebrow and eyelash grower you desired: Cologne, 21-2 ounces; fluid extract of jaborandi, 2 drams. Agitate ingredients till thoroughly incorporated. Apply to the eyebrows with the brush and to the lashes with a tiny camel's hair paint brush. The brush must be freed from any drop and passed lightly along the edge of the eyelids, exercising extreme care that no minute portion of the lotion touches the eye itself.

Nose Large and Red.

S.—F. H.—The fact that your nose turns red in cold weather shows that your circulation is sluggish and that you require deep breathing and physical culture exercises. Besides practicing deep breathing regularly, try and remember whenever you strike the cold air to inhale deeply through the nostrils, expand the lungs to their

utmost and hold your breath for a moment. Do this several times until you feel in a glow. There is a small instrument, something like a clothespin, which will reduce a fat nose, but the process is somewhat tedious.

Face Too Stout.

W.—D.—Good facial massage, either by hand or by electricity, will reduce the superfluous flesh on your face.

The Sage Tea Tonic.

M.—S.—Below is the formula requested: Green tea, 2 ounces; dried garden sage, 2 ounces. Put into a closely covered saucepan, pour in three quarts of boiling water and allow to simmer till reduced one-third. Take off the stove and leave in the saucepan twenty-four hours. Strain and bottle. Apply to the scalp once a day with vigorous massage. This will retain the pillow if the hair is still wet.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Man's Bathrobe—Pattern No. 5895.

Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

An Insufficient Salary.

Dear Betty:
AM twenty and am in love with a girl of seventeen. I get \$12 a week. Do you think we could live comfortably on that?
WILLIAM D.
Your salary is not large enough and you are both too young to marry.

A Birthday Party.

Dear Betty:
AM seventeen. Two months ago I made the acquaintance of a young gentleman whom I deeply love. I am about to give a birthday party and would like to invite him, but I do not know how to act upon the subject. I see him occasionally.
L. L.
Write him a note asking him to come to your birthday party, or when you see him give him a verbal invitation.

He Didn't Call.

Dear Betty:
THROUGH a flirtation I became infatuated with a young man who works in the same building with me. He accompanied me home a few evenings and asked to call on me. I consented, but he failed to keep the appointment. The next time I met him he apologized and again asked to call. This time he came, but upon the next appointment again failed without any excuse. I am anxious to continue the acquaintance of this young man, but I would like to know what would be the wisest thing for me to do. A.
The young man seems very fickle.

Too Young for Boys.

Dear Betty:
AM seventeen but very small. My mother treats me like a child of twelve and says I am too young to go with young men. One night when she found out that I had met a young man she flogged me severely. Do you think I am too young to go with fellows?
B. E.
You are too young to think seriously

She Writes Him Postals.

Dear Betty:
AM nineteen and am deeply in love with a girl of the same age who lives in Boston. I correspond with her, but she answers my letters with postals. Do you think if she cared for me she would answer with postals? Would it be proper for me to write and ask her if she cares for me? A. B.
I do not think the girl cares for you

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

VISITOR—Emma, what would you do if you had everything you wanted? Little Emma—Oh, I guess I'd begin all over again.

Little Harold—Papa, did Solomon have 700 wives? Papa—I believe he did, my son.

Little Harold—Was he the man who said, "Give me liberty or give me death?"

Little Bobby—Uncle John, does hair grow on your face because you shave? Uncle John (who is bald)—Yes, Bobby.

Little Bobby—Then why don't you shave your head?

"I know what the preacher meant when he spoke of the lay members this morning," remarked little Fred on his way home from church. "What did he mean, dear?" queried his mother.

"He meant chickens," answered Fred. "I heard him tell papa the other day that there was a lot of gossiping old hens in his congregation."—Chicago News.

Ask Her Leave to Call.

Dear Betty:
A recent party I was introduced to and became infatuated with a young lady. After the affair I escorted her home, but on arriving at the doorstep became timid and did not ask her if I could call again, which I wish to do. What is the proper thing to say in such a case? Is it proper for a young man to ask, only having met the lady that same night?

Her Friend Is Jealous.

Dear Betty:
HAVE a very dear girl friend who is angry with me because a young gentleman she cares for showers his attentions on me. She thinks I ought to tell him not to be attentive to me and that I should not go out with him. Do you think I ought to do this, as I like the young gentleman very much?

A. B.
You have every right to accept the attentions of the young man if he wishes to devote himself to you. Your friend should not expect you to give up an admirer because she likes him, too.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. These patterns—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.